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Periodical Dept.

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#### APPREHENSIVE.

THE DOG.—By Jove! what a shot! I wish I could feel as safe as those birds!

#### NOTHING LEFT BUT THE TALE.

(Being a new version of the *Kilkenny Cats*, imprisoned in the House that Jack built.)

HIS is the story that Anthony Hope wrote.

This is the letter Queen Flavia sent in the story that Anthony Hope wrote.

This is Fritz, who carried the letter Queen Flavia sent in the story that Anthony Hope wrote.

This is Rupert of Hentzau, who paralyzed Fritz, who carried the letter Queen Flavia sent in the story that Anthony Hope wrote.

This is the King, killed by Rupert of Hentzau, who paralyzed Fritz, who carried the letter Queen Flavia sent in the story that Anthony Hope wrote.

This is Herbert, the forester, killed by Rupert of Hentzau, who killed the King and paralyzed Fritz, who carried the letter Queen Flavia sent in the story that Anthony Hope wrote.

This is Boris, the boarhound, killed by Rupert of Hentzau, who killed the forester, killed the king, and paralyzed Fritz, who carried the letter Queen Flavia sent in the story that Anthony Hope wrote.

This is Rudolph Rassendyll, who killed Rupert of Hentzau, who killed the boarhound, killed the forester, killed the king, and paralyzed Fritz, who carried the letter Queen Flavia sent in the story that Anthony Hope wrote.

This is Bauer, who killed Rudolph Rassendyll, who killed Rupert of Hentzau, who killed the boarhound, killed the forester, killed the king, and paralyzed Fritz, who carried the letter Queen Flavia sent in the story that Anthony Hope wrote.



This is Bernstein, who killed Bauer, who killed Rudolph Rassendyll, who killed Rupert of Hentzau, who killed the boarhound, killed the forester, killed the king, and paralyzed Fritz, who carried the letter Queen Flavia sent in the story that Anthony Hope wrote.

Now they are dead may they rest in peace,  
And may their glory ever increase;  
No more in delicious suspense we gloat  
Over the story

That  
Anthony  
wrote!

Kate M. Cleary.

#### SUBURBAN REVELS.

"Henry took a nap in the hammock last night, and the dear children had such fun!"

"How?"

"They caught lightning-bugs and tangled them in his whiskers."

#### HIS INTERPRETATION.

AUNT HETTY.—What does this paper mean by "the best people?"

UNCLE HIRAM.—The American people, I suppose.

IT MAY not be too late for Spain to mend, but she has an awful lot of mending to do.



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#### AN EXPERT'S OPINION.

MRS. BOWERS.—James, do you believe in the Policy of Expansion?

MR. BOWERS.—Not on your life! Just think how uncomfortable I have been since I grew so stout!



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AT THE END OF THE SEASON.

HE.—Miss Summerflirt has finished her campaign.  
SHE.—Yes; her admirers are being mustered out of service.

AFTER THE WAR.

**V**ISITOR.—Who are those well-fed soldierly-looking men holding audience in the shade of the post-office? The loungers all seem to regard them as persons of importance.  
VILLAGER.—Oh! them 's Fightin' Bill Hooper, Fightin' Jack Tudd, Fightin' Jim Cloon, Fightin' Ike Potwin and Fightin' Ike Chinnaway.  
"And who is that ragged, sickly-looking fellow limping along with a salt codfish under his arm? I presume he is n't anybody, as nobody is paying the slightest attention to him?"  
"That's poor Bob Small, who was shot while carryin' the colors at Santiago."  
"Ah! Why is n't he called Fighting Bob, as that adjective seems so popular here?"  
"Aw, you see, he has no political aspirations."

SQUELCHING HIM.

"General Shafter weighs about three hundred pounds," said poor little Mr. Henny-peck, unguardedly. "That is a trifle more than your weight, my dear."

"Yes; and it is three hundred times your weight, in actual importance!" snapped Mrs. Henny-peck, who was sensitive regarding her bulk.

APPARENTLY.

"I suppose hypnotism is entirely unknown in Spain."

"Why do you think so?"

"It has not been offered as an excuse for any of the Spanish defeats."

MUST KEEP HIM BUSY.

"The Tsar," loftily began the young man fresh from college, "is absolute dictator to one hundred and thirty million people."

"Good Gracious!" exclaimed Miss Keyboard, the typewritist; "I wonder if he stops when they get behind?"

THE TROUBLE with the man who knows it all is that he has n't taken time enough to find it out.



THE HORRORS OF WAR.

"I never supposed," said the non-combatant, as he applied his parched tongue to another revenue stamp, "that this cruel war would give so much trouble to a man who did n't enlist."

AN IMPORTANT SECRET.

"It appears that Hobson and his men were in serious danger after their capture."

"How?"

"Some of the Spaniards wanted to put them on the rack to make them tell them how to shoot."

IN BROOKLYN.

THE BRIDE.—I'm sure my husband is just the bravest man that ever lived.

HER FRIEND.—Yes?

THE BRIDE.—You know the papers say the Bridge is in danger with all those trolley cars on it? Well, George keeps on crossing it every day, and he is n't the least bit afraid.

LOVE MAKES the world go round, but the disappointed lover is apt to consider it flat.

THEORY AND PRACTICE are two very different things, as any young lawyer will tell you.

JUSTICE is blind, but so long as people will talk she has no difficulty in locating them.



INFORMATION WANTED.

TOMMY.—Say, Mister! my sister 'd like ter know if yer only jest forgot yer umbrella, or if yer don't know enough ter git in out o' de wet?

PUCK.



LATENT ENERGY AROUSED.

"By Jingo! Dis is me fust experience wid a bull, an' I mus' say he's ekil to a Park policeman fer makin' a feller git a move on!"

WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER.

CRITIC.—That accident which takes place in the third chapter of your story and which kills forty-seven people is very exciting, but I must confess that I fail to see its bearing on the general plot of the novel.

TRENCHANT PENN (*the great novelist*).—You are correct. Yet it serves its purpose. The fact is, I had started out with altogether too many characters, and a terrible calamity of some sort was necessary to dispose of those I did n't need.

A BAD BREAK.

MEDICO.—How was it you failed to become an ambulance surgeon?

SAWBONES.—In the examination I was foolish enough to tell how to distinguish a drunken man from one with a fractured skull.



EXPERIENCED.

LANDLADY.—I think you'll find everything entirely satisfactory.

NEW ARRIVAL.—Oh! I've boarded too long to expect anything like that.

AN ERROR IN TACTICS.

"What is the use of talking?" asked the married man, incautiously. As his wife indulged in twenty minutes' animated discussion of this question and then resumed the thread of her remarks he perceived that he had made a mistake.

AT THE PRIVATE VIEW.

MISS FLOATLY (*who feels that she must say something to CLAY MODDLE, the sculptor*).—Er—is it all hand-made?

ALPHABETICAL.

I met an impecunious bore  
Who importuned me for a V;  
And when the same I handed o'er  
He gave an I. O. U. to me.



AFTER THE PLAY.

MRS. FAILUPSKI.—Dot vos der most foolish blay vot I ever see.

FAILUPSKI.—It vos awful! T'ink of dot oldt man saying dot ruin shtared him in der face ven it was nodings but bankruptcy!

NO DOUBT.

"In this country we know no East, no West, no North, no South—"

"And Spain wishes we did n't know any Porto Rico or Philippines."

HE SAW HIS ERROR.

"Do you not regret the hours you spent in gloating over your hoarded coin?" asked the good old clergyman.

"I do!" said the hardened old miser, bitterly; "I might have spent the time making more money."

THEY WILL TALK.

"And did they all live to tell the tale?" asked the listener.

"Yes," replied the narrator; "and they have been doing nothing else ever since."

IT FREQUENTLY HAPPENS.

SHE.—Mrs. Brown says her baby can say all sorts of things.

HE.—Possibly. When we were there he positively refused to be interviewed.

## AN AVERAGE PATRIOT.

**S**HE PAPERS were still filled with news of the late war and arguments as to which paper deserved the most credit for negotiating the terms of peace.

The Average Man had read freely of the war; being a newspaper reader he could n't do anything else. On this particular occasion he sat dozing, digesting the war news that he had just consumed. His languor indicated that he suffered from mental biliousness. The Average Man already realized that he had made the mistake of his life by not enlisting. His mind was filled with the stories of new-born heros, and he saw himself sitting through the remainder of his life in a back seat of the gallery.

The Average Man felt dreadfully drowsy. He blamed it on the hot sun that caused the steam and malaria to reek from the soil of poor Cuba; but bravely he shook off the stupor and began to plan the march to Havana. The Average Man saw himself at the head of the whole American army. Miles, Shafter, Lawton, Richard Harding Davis and the rest of them had proved incompetent. It was by the special invitation of the President that the Average Man was made commander, the secret agents of the Republic having hunted him out and reported to the executive concerning his sterling qualities.

The order went forth to the army, "On to Havana!" The Average Man gave them, and the troops cheered, for they realized that they now had a leader as was a leader. Then the horrible campaign about Havana began. The Average Man fought all day and planned all night. Three days the fighting continued and for three days the American forces were held in check by the Spanish Mausers — the terrible Mausers — the merciless Mausers — the Mausers that shoot to kill. On the evening of the third day defeat stared the Average Man in the face. The Spanish flag still hung over old Morro. The Average Man decided to strike his final blow. He was sweating profusely by this time, but he minded it not, for he was in the service of his country.

The Average Man picked one thousand choice soldiers, men who had families and never expected to run for office. He put himself at their head and began the assault of the Spanish fortifications. Resolutely the Average Man and his brave followers pressed onward, over the dead bodies of fallen heros and through barbed-wire fences. Crack! Crack! went the Mausers in their faces, but the brave regiment moved forward. "Remember the Maine!" cried the Average Man, as he waved his sword in the front of his column and encouraged his men. The bullets whizzed about the Average Man until he shook like a cornstalk in a hail storm, but his life seemed to be insured. The Spaniards were abashed. It appeared as if the Spanish bullets were hoodooed. On, on, pressed the brave Americans. With a cheer they rushed over the Spanish fortifications just in time to see Spanish heels going down the other side of the



AN OVERSENSITIVE YOUNG LADY.

JIM JAYHAWK.—Wot did Miss Cutekuss shake yo' for?

SAM SHINBONE.—My! for nuffin' whatsoever at all;—I simply asked her, in de most perlites manner possible, to kindly lend me back de engagement ring for a couple o' weeks so's I could hock it and raise money enough for to take another gal to a moonlight excursion!



AT THE COUNTRY CLUB.

HE.—Dr. Young has made an important discovery.

SHE.—Goodness! What is it?

HE.—He has found out that if he stays in this town he 'll starve to death; so he 's going to try his luck somewhere else.

hill. The Average Man pulled down the Spanish flag and raised the Stars and Stripes. The day was won—the success of American arms was assured—and the Average Man was the hero of the hour. It took the Average Man about two seconds to get back to America, where he began attending pink teas, addressing old soldiers' reunions and speaking at county fairs.

Congress gave him a sword and the President honored him in a special message. A loving nation bestowed upon him a pension of several millions, so the Average Man saw peace and plenty before him.

"This thing of being a hero is a snap," chuckled the Average Man.

"What 's that, Alexander Botkins?" interrupted a familiar voice; "what 's that I hear about you being a hero? Talking in your sleep again, are you? Well, you just get to work freezing that cream now, and work some of the hero out of you!"

The Average Man was now wide-awake, his eyes resting on a glaring caption, "The Heros Are Marching Home."

"I say, wife, it 's too warm to turn that miserable old freezer."

"You lazy, good-for-nothing patriot! What would you do if you had been forced to go to war, to Cuba, where it is real hot and where there was real work? Get up, I say, and get to work!"

And the Average Man took his orders from the General whom all men obey.

Charles K. Marvity.

*PUCK.*

**CUPID, M. D.**

ALE and distracted  
With woes of the heart  
Sought I a doctor  
To sample the art  
Of healing as practised  
By one, who, they say,  
Can wound you and cure you  
The very same day.

When I had found him  
Full grave were my fears,  
Knowledge was surely  
Not found in his years.  
And as for his costume —  
I blush as I write —  
Of vulgar display he  
Was innocent quite.

Told I my symptoms,  
Recited my woes;  
(Ah! they were many  
As Madeline knows!)  
Then gravely he viewed me,  
The queer little wight;  
"No appetite? Well, sir,  
Your heart's not quite right!"

"Remedy's simple."  
He smiled as he wrote:  
"You're plainly in love;  
Here's a sure antidote."  
And this legend read,  
As I gave him his fee:

R

*One speedy marriage.*

*Don Cupid, M. D.*

Richard Stillman Powell.



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**A REMINISCENCE.**

HIS SON.—When yer blow open a safe wit' powder, don't it make an awful noise?

RETIR'D BURGLAR.—Well, yes! I've knowed it to wake up de police-man on de beat.



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**A SUGGESTION.**

TOM DILDAL.—When Jack Huggard got off the train this afternoon Clara Sweetman went right up and kissed him before everybody. Don't you think she was bold?

FANNY MANLESS.—Indeed I do! I should think she would have waited until she got him in a nice secluded spot like this.

**DIFFICULT TO SWALLOW.**

The prestidigitour swallowed a sword; a chair; and a sofa.

"Bravo!" shouted the cultivated audience.

"Now will some lady in the house be kind enough to put forward a claim as to her age?" asked the magician, leaning over the footlights.

The people shuddered; this was more than mere sleight of hand; it verged upon the supernatural.

**SUSPENSE.**

DORA.—Can you keep a secret?

CORA.—No; what is it?

**TOO TRUE.**

"We have no sausage or eggs left," said the pretty waitress; "nothing but beef steak."

"That's tough," said the boarder who paid in advance.

**A DOUBT.**

She contemplated him scornfully.

"You have made me what I am!" he protested.

"Yes," she replied, coldly; "I was just wondering if you were worth making over."

For the mind of woman is nothing if not practical; and it is nothing less often than it used to be.



SUPPLY, 1898, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZBAUM

**THE FEMININE OF AERONAUT.**

MISS SLIMMINS (*the village gossip*). — Law me! D'ye hear th' news?

Young Gabe Junktits, what went t' th' city t' live, is goin' t' marry a heiress.

OLD MRS. GARSON.—He be? A airess? Wal, he'll be a widderer soon! That there balloonin' is oufla resky.

WE HAVE all heard of the man who bit off more than he could chew.

But there was another man. He attempted to say more than his supply of intellect would permit. And, of the two, he presented by far the most lamentable spectacle.



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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

NEWS FROM THE FARM.

THE ECHOS of war are still many. Battles are re-fought, promotions discussed, troops come marching home to the music of sympathetic cheers, prisoners are disposed of, and there is so much rattle and clatter with it all that we have hardly noted the still small voice of the crop report. Yet it is a sound of more significance to us than all the others, the sound of our foundations in process of building. One who listens for it now will be made cheerful. It tells modestly, with the cold terseness of figures, of vast stores of wealth waiting to be housed. Last year was the most productive in our history. This year promises to be still richer in the fruits that make peace beautiful and war effective. From all parts of the country the crop reports tell tales of plenty. Our ship of trade is being loaded for another voyage of conquest and will soon invade foreign strongholds. The prospect has already excited some apprehension abroad. The foreign Ministers of Germany and Austria have both recently warned their people of this danger, and each has alluded to the possible need of a European league against the growing menace of American goods. This, by way of reminder, in a time when the real source of our greatness might be lost sight of.

MR. PLATT'S TROUBLES.

THE SYMPATHY of compassionate souls should go out to Mr. Platt, just now. The placid visage with which he fronts the public must hide a hot furnace of woe, self-distrust, bewilderment and anathema, — all because the personality of Col. Theodore Roosevelt looms in his pathway. For a long time Mr. Platt has had things pretty much his own way in this big State of New York. He is a shrewd and able leader, with a positive genius for the dirty side of politics. His supremacy was unquestioned, and there was but one possible calamity that might befall him. That was the entrance into his especial field of a man combining integrity with great popularity. He can always use a popular man, but he has no use for an honest man. For reasons too familiar to be named he is utterly unable to conduct his office-brokerage business with that sort. And now this very calamity seems to have befallen him. Col. Roosevelt is an honest man. That does n't sound like a burning eulogy, but when you remember that it is said of a man that has a very fair chance of pasturing in Mr. Platt's field, it is a description that ought to be both astounding and morally impressive. And Col. Roosevelt has the popularity, too. His behavior during the past four months has been such as to place him very high in the regard of the people. Perhaps his physical bravery has so endeared him to them that they will put him where he can show them the value of another quality — plain honesty in men that fill high places. He is not a man that Mr. Platt can do things with, wherefore Mr. Platt's perturbation. If the course of events is to be what it promises to be, woe unto the tricky Platt!

BASE-BALL MANNERS.

ROWDYISM on the base-ball field the past season has been engaging the attention of philosophers and moralists to a degree second only to war. Our busy neighbor, the *Sun*, among many others, has been working hard to save the national game from death by rowdyism, and it comes very close to pointing out the root of the trouble, in a recent discourse. It asserts that "for the almost ineradicable habit of ruffianism in base-ball there is a psychological cause which must be recognized and dealt with before the game shall again be orderly and decent." The *Sun* says this cause is too much "Casey" — too much hero-worship of individual players, which has led them to assume the privilege of warring with the umpire. Without discussing whether this hero-worship is or is not inevitable, we would suggest that the psychology of disorder on the base-ball field runs much deeper. The truth is that every spectator is a self-appointed umpire and when his decision on a play conflicts with that of the

official umpire he is not ill-pleased to have some able-lunged player "make a kick" for him. He would make it himself if he could get at the umpire, and he tries to do it from his seat. Assuming, then, the improbable that players can be brought to the state of moral sublimity where they will retire without a murmur after being called out in a doubtful play — would not the spectator be disappointed? Would he not quit his seat in disgust? Is not an occasional exchange of incivilities between player and umpire a necessary vent, by proxy, for his own honest indignation? It is true that these hostilities are often extended beyond the patience of the most wrathful enthusiast, but it is evident to a student of the base-ball crowd that there is a relish for them in moderation. The time will probably never come when the umpire and the thrown-out base runner will lie down together; and we fear no one would go to see the performance if it should.

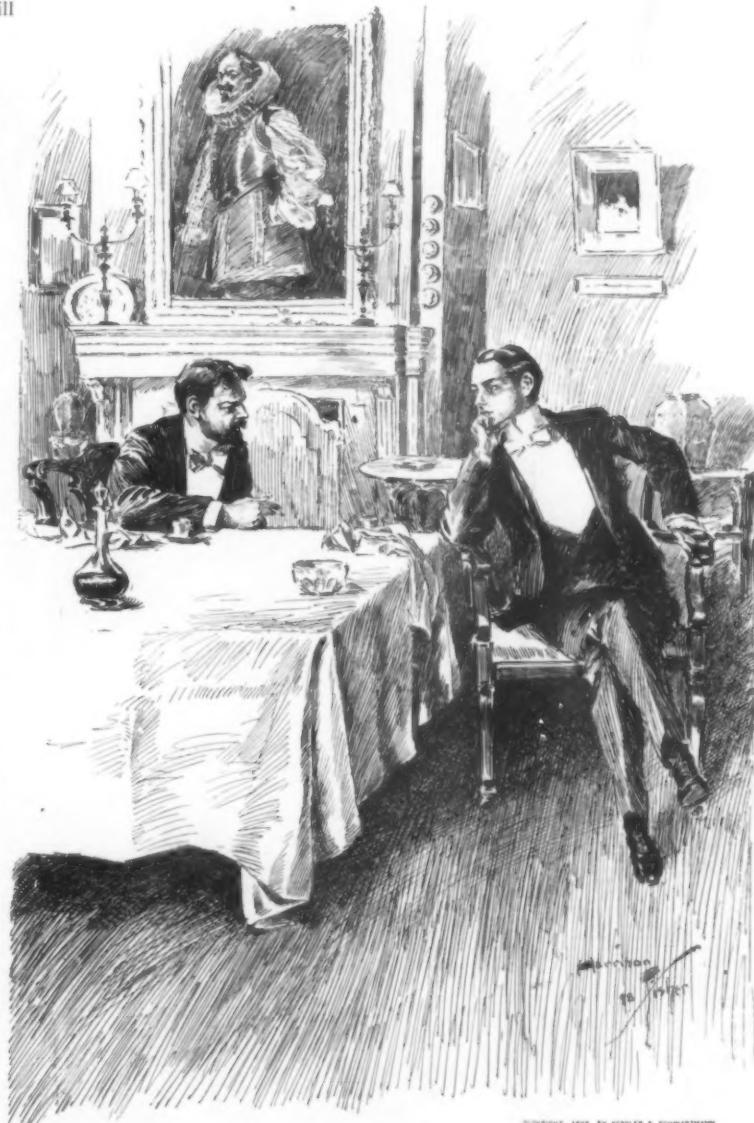
## BY UNCLE SAM.

The Spaniards were our brother-men,  
Unworthy, though, they proved;  
And now they hold about the state  
Of cousins, once removed.

## THEIR GREAT NEED.

FRIEND.—This war must have furnished the poets with inspiration.  
THE POET.—Yes; I wish it would furnish them with customers.

THE JINGOS will now have to undergo the horrors of peace.



## MUNIFICENT.

LETTIN.—I've just got a note from my lawyer telling me how much is coming to me from the estate, and I must reply.

HASKINS.—What are you going to say?

LETTIN.—Oh! I'm just going to tell him to keep the change.



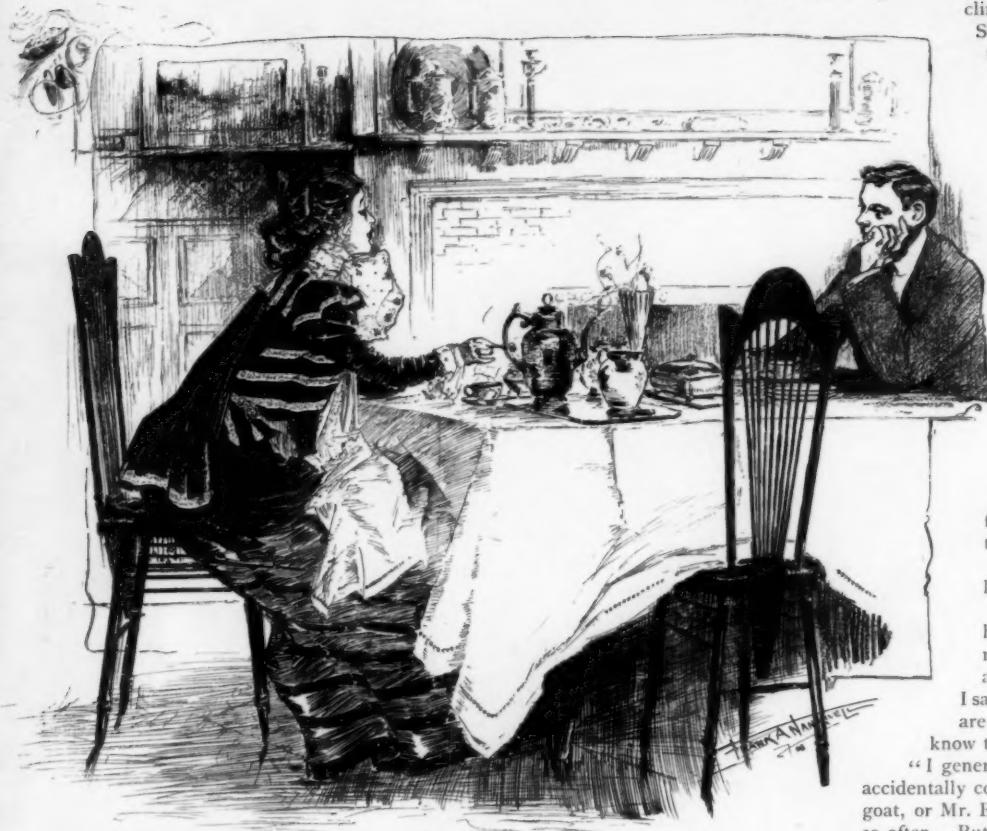
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THE TUG OF WAR

PUCK.



WAR IN THE FAR EAST.



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## UNFORTUNATE.

"Why are you so blue this morning, Jack?"  
 "A fellow tried to bluff me last night."  
 "Why didn't you call him?"  
 "That's it! I did;—and it was n't a bluff."

## CONCERNING LONELYVILLE DOGS.

**W**HILE my wife was cutting my hair, last evening, we got to talking over the praiseworthy failing of Lonelyvilleites for those faithful friends of man, pet dogs," remarked Mr. Isolate, of that beautiful suburb, to his neighbor, Mr. Hermitage, the other afternoon, on the ferryboat, as he was thoughtfully connecting all his grocery packages together into one composite bundle with a string. "Some of our city visitors—my wife's brother, Mr. Citily, among them, allege that the barking of the dogs, at night, keeps them awake; and they ask us how we can 'endure it' and the 'mournful' croaking of frogs and 'distracting screeching' of owls, as they term the soothing, pastoral noises of the suburb, at nightfall. Amabel and I assure them that these notes are sweetest music to our ears; that we have grown to know the individual voice of every dog and owl in lovely Lonelyville, and that we easily lull ourselves to sleep by merely counting them off, mentally, over and over again, as we lie in bed,—much as persons have counted up to large numbers from time immemorial, to induce sleep.

"I am proud to say that Amabel does not share the strange fear and aversion for our splendid suburban dogs which her brother, Mr. Citily, professes. But the fact that he invariably wears a silk hat, and that the intelligent Lonelyville dogs bark at him, in consequence, I feel has something to do with his absurd prejudice. What is greatly regretted by Amabel and me is that he, of all our visitors, seems, for that reason, to be fated always to have some trivial annoyance with our neighbors' dogs, while visiting us. These little experiences would mean nothing to a truly enthusiastic and philosophic suburbanite; but to Mr. Citily they would appear to make suburban life positively unendurable. Now Mr. Auctionlot's handsome bull terrier, Jinksie, is a playful little creature, as you may know. When he catches sight of me running past Auctionlot's cottage, for the 6:14 A. M. express, he invariably takes it as a signal for a romp. I am forced to either throw him the roll or piece of bread I may be eating, to divert him, so that I may gain a start on him, or stop and

climb a fence or tree, and wait till Mrs. Auctionlot, or Susie appears, and calls him off; thereby missing my train. I, of course, take this little pleasantries of Jinksie's in the spirit in which it is meant.

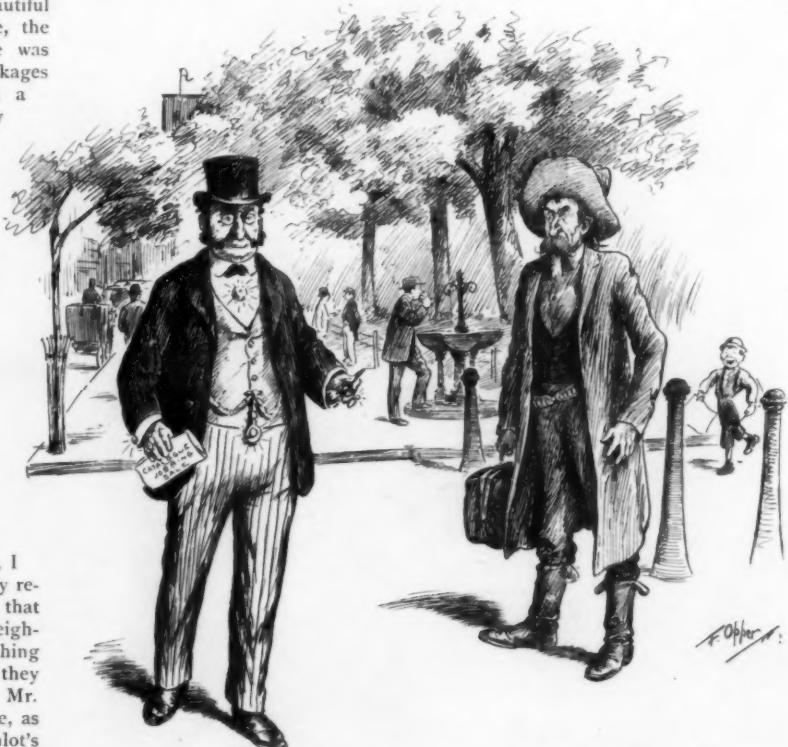
"On the mornings when Mr. Citily has left for the city with me, I have avoided this route to the station, as I have been in doubt as to how he would take to this little bit of by-play; but the last time he visited us I forgot all about Jinksie. The first I thought of him was when we jumped up from the breakfast-table, and I heard Amabel say to her brother: 'Take this bun to eat on the way to the station, Marmaduke.' And then it was too late. But I took it for granted that, of course, he complied; so I said nothing, in the hope that Jinksie might not spy us that morning, and consoled myself by the thought that, if he did, we were prepared for him. I might have known, however, that Jinksie would be there, as, of course, he was. He made for us with a more than usually resonant 'Gar-r-rough!' which seemed to completely demoralize Mr. Citily. The smoke of our train could be seen in the distance over the beautiful, waving salt meadows. I knew from experience that we only had just time to catch it.

"'Chuck him your bun!' I called back, breathlessly.

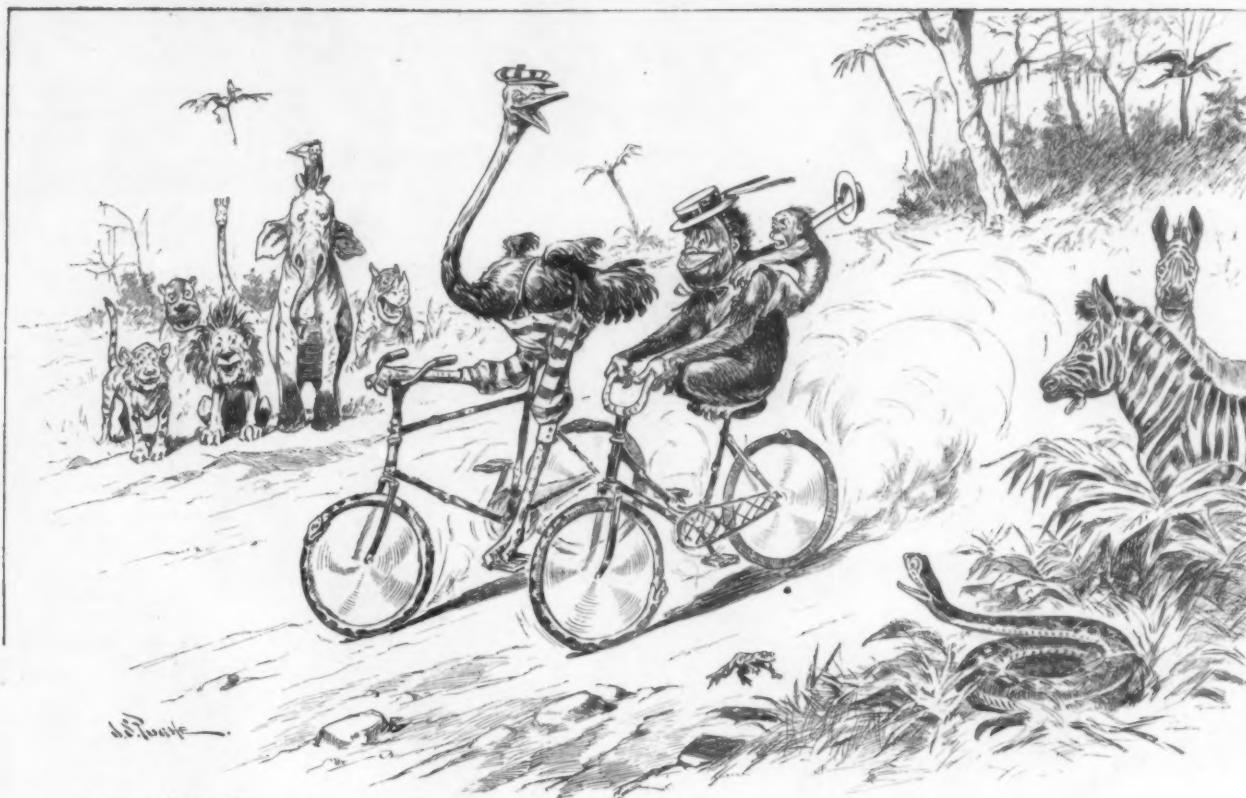
"'What in thunder do you mean, you addle-headed suburban imbecile?—do you take me for a running bakery?' coarsely panted Mr. Citily, his voice actually shaking somewhat. Looking over my shoulder I saw, for the first time, that he had no bun! 'Well, you are a gobbler!' I retorted, disgustedly; 'don't you know that if you eat so fast you will get the dyspepsia?'

"I generally carry a lump or two of sugar in case I should accidentally come upon Mr. Buildingloan's or Mr. Remotely's billy-goat, or Mr. Easypayment's tame fox or raccoon, which break away so often. But, for once, I was without sugar. Mr. Citily, too, was attired in his invariable silk hat, long coat and patent-leather shoes, instead of the rational costume of comfortable Fedora hat, alpaca coat and storm rubbers, which placed him in a poor condition to climb fences or trees.

"'We've got to run for it!' I sang out, throwing Jinksie the remains of my single bun, which only diverted him for a few moments and gave us a very slight start. I was a little dubious as to Mr. Citily's sprinting abilities, and, I must confess, I felt some anxiety as to what Jinksie might be inclined to do with him if we were overtaken. I reckoned, however, without considering Mr. Citily's city training of running after cable-cars. He fairly flew over the ground, his feet hardly sinking in the muddy places, to the sincere admiration of the interested commuters on the approaching

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SURFACE INDICATIONS.

WESTERN VISITOR.—Gosh! I'll bet that's one o' them Vanderbilts!



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## HIS METHOD.

THE OSTRICH.— You ought to see the elephant ride a tandem.

THE MONKEY.— With whom?

THE OSTRICH.— He does it all himself. Uses one pair of feet for each wheel and steers with his trunk.

train. I had hard work keeping abreast of him, and had to constantly remember my record of four minutes and three and two-tenths seconds from our cottage to the station, and nerve myself to my utmost efforts. As it was, I reached the steps of the last car as the train was leaving, just ahead of Mr. Citily, who, in turn, was immediately followed by Jinksie, who managed to spring and catch one of the coat-tails of Mr. Citily's Prince Albert, and trailed out behind us as the cars sped on, until the cloth finally gave way and he dropped to the ground.

"We were the heroes of the morning. But, do you know, Mr. Citily took the honors very coldly, and actually declared, quite disagreeably, that he would never visit unexceptionable Lonelyville again! — think of it!"

Con. C. Converse.

## THE BEST ONE.

LITTLE WILLY.— Pa, is the best man at a wedding the one that gets married?

MR. HENNYPECK.— No, my son; the best man is one who does not get married.

## DOING HIS BEST.

FRIEND.— I suppose you are working the old gentleman for all he's worth?

THE COUNT (sadly).— I fear I shall have to be satisfied with much less.

## JUST BEFORE THE ENGAGEMENT.

MISS SWEETLY.— When I was being shown over the Treasury in Washington they let me hold a package of bills worth a million dollars in my hand.

MR. LOVERLY.— And it did n't increase your value one bit.

## A MODERN VERSION.

The Governor of South Carolina slowed up as he listened to what his companion had to say.

"Yes," remarked the Governor of North Carolina; "it's a long time between road-houses."

## SO SAYS THE GENIUS.

SPENCER.— How do you distinguish genius from talent?

FERGUSON.— Genius is unrecognized talent.

## A LOGICAL INFERENCE.

"Silence is golden," quotes the sage —  
Then into logic dips,  
And reasons out, with little doubt,  
Why people purse their lips.

A GENIUS is a man who never makes the same mistake twice.

THERE ARE more born idiots in the world than they have any idea of.

THE APPROVAL of your conscience is an excellent thing, but it is not sufficient to get you a raise of salary.



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## ITS POLICY.

TOURIST (from the North).— What is the policy of your village newspaper?

LANDLORD (Arkansaw tavern).— Wa-al, it's agin' revenue collectors, niggers, dudes an' the Republican party; an' fer lynchin's, free whiskey, an' free silver.



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A WEST Union boylet who has seen  
a horse clipped wishes to know if horses  
always have to be undressed with a lawn  
mower.—*West Union Gazette*.

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SHE.—What is the  
next number on the  
dance programme?  
HE.—Number nine.  
Walking Spanish.  
SHE.—What's that?  
HE.—A galop.—  
Adams Freeman.

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**CIVILIZATION** is  
but another name for  
working for a living.—*Roxbury Gazette*.

**DYSPEPSIA** covers  
a multitude of disagreeable qualities.—*West Union Gazette*.



HOW HE KNEW.

MRS. NEWLYWED.—Have patience, Jack! Dinner will soon be ready.  
JACK.—I supposed so, my dear. I thought I smelt something burning.

**IF YOU CAN AFFORD IT**  
Drink  
**OLD BARREL**  
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**WHERE SHE DREW THE LINE.**  
"Do you believe in hero-worship?" inquired the singularly self-confident young man.  
"I do," replied Miss Cayenne; "excepting when it takes the form of self-esteem."—*Washington Star*.

"How do we hear?" asks a scientist. That is easily told. Somebody tells a friend and tells him not to tell, and the friend of the teller tells a friend of ours and he tells us, and so we hear.—*Roxbury Gazette*.

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### MELTING.

"Will nothing melt your heart?"  
cried he,  
A suitor in distress.  
"Alas! I have my fears," sighed she;  
"This weather will, I guess."  
—*Washington Star*.

THE man who is made a father for  
the first time may feel happy, but he  
looks nothing but scared.—*Atchison  
Globe*.

IF this war lasts long enough we'll  
have more heroes than we can worship  
without neglecting our religious duties.  
—*West Union Gazette*.

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Such shame no nation weathers,  
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And full of eagles' feathers!"

—Washington Star.

ENVY DID IT.

ANGRY CUSTOMER.—This turquoise you sold me has turned green.

CALM JEWELER.—My good woman, you should never have worn it where other ladies wore diamonds.—Jeweler's Weekly.

CLERK.—It says in the Daily Shouter that twenty men were seen reading the Shouter in one car last night.

BUSINESS MANAGER OF THE EVENING Howler.—It does, eh? Well, we'll charter a car to-morrow and hire a hundred and twenty men to read the Howler in it!—Roxbury Gazette.

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Now that Spain has sued for peace, it will be interesting to know just how large a piece she wants.—Norristown Herald.

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FAILURE is the prize drawn by the man who wastes all his time and energy talking about success.—West Union Gazette.

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A PREDICTION.

JONES (leaving for Europe).—When I'm in Rome I'll do as the Romans do.

SMITH.—Indeed you won't! You'll do as the Americans do—pay twice as much for everything as any one else would.

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A flag for this fastening, a cartridge for that,  
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That the rider's a healthy American girl.

—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

#### A NEW PLAY.

MODERN DRAMATIST.—I've got another order for a new play.

WIFE.—Did the manager furnish you with a plot?

MODERN DRAMATIST.—Yes—er—that is, he showed me all the scenery he had.—*New York Weekly.*

AN emotional nature is often mistaken for a sympathetic one.—*Ram's Horn.*

SOME preachers insist that a truly conscientious Christian can not be a successful business man. He can if he advertises liberally.—*Port Jervis Gazette.*



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THERE is a time in every girl's life when she regrets that she was n't named "Lucille."—*Atchison Globe.*

PEDAWAY.—How is the walking out—bad?

WHEELMAN.—Bad! Of course it is! Walking is always bad.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

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#### REFLECTIONS.

"Christopher Columbus, eh? I wonder if he knows what's goin' on nowadays? If he does, by gum! it must tickle him to death to see them places he discovered fallin' into the hands of people that kin appreciate 'em!"

WHEN a man does n't use tobacco in any form, we wonder how it happened.—*Atchison Globe.*

MRS. DEARBOBN (of Chicago).—Where did you say your friend lived? MRS. WABASH (also of Illinois).—At 2,119,226,415 Prairie Avenue.—Yonkers Statesman.





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## A WONDERFUL WONDER.

"I will next call your attention, ladies and gentlemen," announced the dime-museum orator, "to the Egyptian Wonder. Observe him as closely as you please, and—"

"Don't go too near him, Clarence!" commanded a doting Mama; "he might seize you!"

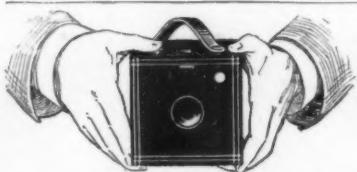
"Have no fear for the safety of your offspring, Madam," said the orator, gallantly. "Does not the Good Book tell us that wonders never seize? Please pass down this way,

ladies and gentlemen, and behold the German who inadvertently fell off from the roof of a seven-story building, and has since talked nothing but broken English."

"But hold on, Mister!" ejaculated a rural visitor; "I wish you'd jest explain a little more about this 'ere Egyptian Wonder. What is there wonderful about him, anyhow?"

"Why, sir," replied the lecturer, cheerily, "when you look at him you wonder why the Egyptians wondered at him!"

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The party will be accompanied by a Tourist Agent and Chaperon, and will travel in special Pullman sleeping cars.

For the benefit of those who may desire to remain longer in Omaha, tickets will be made good to return on regular trains until November 15, inclusive. Such tickets include only railway transportation returning, with reduction of \$15 from above rates from all points.

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His father has a meerschaum pipe which has a covering of chamois-skin. "Why," said he, "does that pipe get dark under its shirt? I don't get dark under mine." —West Union Gazette.

Camp life is more pleasant with a bottle of Dr. Sieger's Angostura Bitters. Prevents ill effects of bad water, Dysentery, etc.

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STUPIDITY is the wisest looking thing we know. —West Union Gazette.

I HOPE you are pleased with those slippers, darling.

Yes, dear; I am so glad I learned to walk on snowshoes when I was a boy.—Roxbury Gazette.

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"To HER FATHER.—Ha! I see it all now. While I have been waiting for her sweet permission to call on her, my rival is seeing her clandestinely."



"CHARLEY GOTTLIEB.—Ha! I must block his game! A plan! A way! Ha! Ha! I have it! A great scheme if he does n't leave before I come back from that paint store around the corner."



"HER FATHER (stealing *sneakingly* up).—Young man—jump fence—making love to my daughter!—I'll settle all this clandestine business, I will!"

"CHARLEY GOTTLIEB.—Gee whiz! Just look at the old man! That fellow will be a sickly-looking sight in a second."



"Ye Gods of Love! I can hear them making love behind that strawberry fence! I must block his game! A plan! A way! Ha! Ha! I have it! A great scheme if he does n't leave before I come back from that paint store around the corner."



"HER FATHER (as *Mr. Jones* opens the *announcing* *air*).—Making love, eh? Making love clandestinely, eh? Well, both of you come right up to the house and I'll teach you a lesson!"

"CHARLEY GOTTLIEB.—Oh, is n't this great! She can never love that fellow after her father gets through with him. I'll wager."



"There he is still! I will paint the top of this fence with that black paint, go and tell her father what is going on, and the old man will run out. To make his escape he will jump over the wall here and get himself full of this paint!"



A STRATEGIC REVENGE;  
OR, HOW THE BEST LAID PLANS ARE SOMETIMES SET AT NAUGHT.

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